

THE

CALEDONIANS:

POEM

Quid moror! an mea Pygmalion dum moenia flammis
Destruat! aut captam ducat Goetulus Iarbas? ÆN.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXXIX.

CHANDON

100



EDINBURGH

Printed in the Year 1840

(2)

THE
CALEDONIANS:

A P O E M.

Est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens peditum et florentes ære catervas
Bellatrix—— VIRG.

HEARDED you dread Mars his brazen clarion found!
Heard you the thunders of his wasteful car!
SCOTIA'S unconquer'd strength of hills rebound,
And fierce descend her glitt'ring ranks of war.

To arms, ye brave, and free! your Country cries,
The voice of fearless Freedom and of Fame,
Of parents, kindred, children, all we prize,
Behind your shield their sacred refuge claim.

A

For faithless BOURBON, sworn with tyrant boast
 To quench your glory, with unnumber'd band
 Of Death and Rapine, from his hostile coast
 Vindictive hastens to devour the land.

His furious purpose with insidious guile
 The Tyrant mask'd, rousing th' infernal brood
 Of Parricide against the Parent Isle
 To lift her arm, distain'd with kindred blood :

Sad while they droop, spent with ignoble hate,
 Like a fell Vulture hov'ring o'er his prey,
 In iron fang would grasp th' enfeebled state,
 To groan beneath the scourge of tyrant sway.

And shall mean Slav'ry lord it o'er the Isle,
 O'er Faith and Freedom, in whose cause was spilt
 Her childrens' blood, and the rich heirs despoil
 Of vast estate, the trophies of his guilt.

Oft has the blood-stain'd Caledonian sword
 Repell'd Invasion from her sea-girt shore ;
 In fields of death bright Liberty explor'd ;
 Her gifts redeem'd from fang of lawless pow'r.

Again she trims her never-fading bays,
 Again renew'd, in youthful HEROES burn
 The public virtues, with unconquer'd blaze;
 So springs the Phoenix from his parent's urn.

Who graceful tow'rs along the front of war,
 In prime of youth and peerage, BRANDON, He!
 Like Thracia's Lord, conspicuous from afar,
 Whose loyal WORTH crowns high NOBILITY.

From pleasing dales of Tweed, enur'd to arms,
 See PRINCELY SCOT lead on, with BARONS bold,
 His warlike files, fresh kindling at alarms,
 Their Country's bulwark, as in days of old.

Where gelid Spey rolls on his headlong stream,
 And lordly castles their fair prospect yield,
 The MIGHTY GORDON comes with horrent gleam
 Of lances stain'd in Flowden's dreadful field.

Where circling her fair islands to the main,
 Flows swelling Tay, GREAT ATHOLE leads his pow'r;
 A host of brothers; dread on native plain,
 When Scandian navies fled the crimson'd shore.

By stately Forth Edina's CHOSEN BAND
 Muster, still foremost in the lists of Fame,
 To humble France, or proud Iberia's land;
 Her PATRIOT CHIEFS * awake the martial flame.

* The very spirited exertions of the Right Honourable SIR LAURENCE DUNDAS BART.

From Morven's hills, hung o'er the foaming tide,
 ILLUSTRIOUS CAMPBELL, hies, his Country's boast,
 Around his Chieftains range their warlike pride,
 To ward invasion from their native coast.

Where Skaia fam'd repels the northern foam,
 From her green hills, her Sons, renown'd afar,
 The scourge of Lochlin, with proud banners come;
 MACDONALD of the ISLES directs the war.

Dread, like the eagle, from their rocky build,
 Descend the NORTHERN PEERS, renown'd of yore,
 When slavish pow'r by valour forc'd to yield,
 The Roman tyrant fled the fatal shore.

Their titles, number, prowess to record,
 Exceeds the limits of the Muse's lay;
 And better HE *, with classic genius stor'd,
 To distant times their glory shall display.

Yet may she bring, weak herald of such praise,
 Meet tribute where the Virtues fairest shine,
 In BEAUTTEOUS SUTHERLAND, and gild her lays
 With splendour borrow'd from her Princely Line.

of the Right Honourable JOHN DALRYMPLE, then Lord Provost, of the MAGISTRATES and TOWN-COUNCIL of the CITY of EDINBURGH, and of many truly PATRIOTIC and eminent CITIZENS, were on this loyal occasion, of raising a REGIMENT of ROYAL VOLUNTEERS, exceedingly remarkable.

* See the Elegant Reflections on Military Preparations, by Sir John Dalrymple Bart.

Sprung from the far-fam'd Caledonian race,
 Thy raptur'd Country marks, renew'd in THEE,
 That soul of glory, which, in war, in peace,
 Encrown'd the fame of such prime ANCESTRY.

Whilst ALBION shakes beneath the thund'ring pow'r
 Of War and Discord, from Tain's shores they come,
 Like tempest to dispel the stormy stow'r,
 With trusty fwords, to fix a nation's doom.

Nor droop, ye brave, that many lawrels crown
 One MARTIAL MAID: bright Dames of England! rise,
 By patriot virtues! to that prime renown
 Which gives fresh lustre to all conqu'ring eyes.

Like VOLSCIAN QUEEN, o'er Latium's glitt'ring strand,
 Fearless she goes where spears and banners burn,
 Where CHIEFS, officious, wait her high command,
 And rushing cohorts at her pleasure turn.

In warlike guise, pleas'd by her side to wait,
 The lordly WEMYSS, Captain of the host,
 Scans with a leader's eye their martial state;
 By the BRIGHT MAID himself distinguish'd most.

In proud array, o'er hill and dale they go
 Where danger calls, where on the purpl'd heath
 Proud Eiren fell beneath their vengeful bow,
 And Sueno mourn'd his glory, set in death.

Should Villain Envy, fierce with basilisk eye,
 And venal Clamour, hell's foul harpies, tear
 The wreath of praise, your pinion'd fame shall fly
 On eagle's wing, beyond their guilty sphere.

On SCOTIA's hills unfading wreaths shall grow,
 Each grateful plain their flow'ry tribute yield;
 Her fairest nymphs shall deck the warrior's brow,
 Who o'er his Country lifts his guardian shield.

With them shall all their Country's wishes rest:
 Health to the brave! who, prodigal of life,
 Scorning to bask in ease, with dauntless breast
 Arise her champions 'mid the mortal strife.

May ALBION's awful GENIUS be their guide
 Thro' fields of death; on them her civic crown
 Bestow: best recompence, when conscious Pride,
 With MOTHER's eye, shall mark them for her own.

T H E E N D.

